

THE SALT LAKE HERALD-REPUBLICAN

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PINCHOT AND BALLINGER.

If any gentleman expects to see the
secretary of the interior and the chief
forestry officer unlimber their guns and
impel the population in the course of
deciding whose plan shall prevail—that
gentleman is going to be disappointed.
There will be no shooting.

No matter how many big headlines
the yellow papers print about the mu-
tually deadly hate entertained by each
for the other, Mr. Ballinger and Mr.
Pinchot will not become parties to any
plan of expedited extinction. Both will
be alive and probably kicking when the
last congress of the year shall have been
held—and disbanded.

Mr. Ballinger may have his notions
as to the best means of conserving the
interests of the public. He probably
has. And if convinced that he is right,
he will probably go ahead—though the
headline heavens fall.

Mr. Pinchot likewise has his own
ideas, and they have not been shaped
by any desire for personal interest,
either. He is a man of wealth, who
has been devoting himself to what he
regards as a work of necessity for the
people of this or these United States.

In the end we expect to see the fore-
casts taken care of and the land im-
proved. In the end we believe that all
the water available will be turned on
the land, and that if the government
doesn't do it the government will not
say "may!" to any private individual
who wants to do it.

So that neither Spokane nor Denver,
nor even the experienced precincts of
New Orleans, shall be made to run red
with the blood of a cabinet member or
a prominent official who has a predilec-
tion for trees.

UNREASONABLE MR. HOLLEY.

Councilman Holley is far too urgent
His insistence on a report of progress
on the west side intercepting sewer is
in the nature of an impertinence.

What does the councilman expect of
a sewer? What does he think a sewer
ought to do? Is he pestered with the
impression that a sewer ought to sew?
Doesn't he know that the sewer in
question is on the west side, and there-
fore should be regarded as innocuous?

Mr. Holley's name suggests Christmas
—and Pickwick. And the man with a
name like that should be willing to
take things in a Pickwickian sense. It
makes people uncomfortable for him to
go rambling around with the demand
that the city's dollars are expected to
get something tangible for the people.
If he keeps on he will be insisting that
contractors have no rights which the
paymaster is bound to respect. And
close after that will come the mental
attitude in which he will be demanding
that the so-called American party be
held to a strict accountability for the
money of the people paid on the pre-
tense of public improvement.

We regret to note the activity—the
embarrassing activity—of Mr. Holley.
He acts like a man who regards a public
office as a public trust. And that, Mr.
Holley should be informed, is an an-
achronism. Which means that, in the
city council it is out-of-sped.

We trust that in future Mr. Holley
may not embarrass the patriots with
his queries about the west side inter-
cepting sewer, or any other error of the
so-called "American" party.

HOW TO STOP THE QUARREL.

About a month ago Mr. Marc Klaw
contributed an article to the Saturday
Evening Post explaining the beauties
of the theatrical syndicate—from the in-
side. In the current number of that
publication there is an equally extended
article from Mr. J. J. Shubert on the
same subject, but from a point of
view which finds no beauties at all in
the syndicate system. And now, hav-
ing permitted each man to have his
say, let us hope that the editor of the
Post may make an end of that form of
current literature. It doesn't suffi-
ciently interest the "million a week"
who read the paper.

Long time ago debates on baptism
were very common. No subject was so
bitterly disputed in the country dis-
tricts. Gentlemen with some knowl-
edge of Scripture and a love for public
contention would debate all night—one
holding that you could not be saved
unless you were immersed, the other
frantically inviting heart disease with
the proof that sprinkling was equally
effective.

Other men, with less facility in public
speaking, would get out in the barn
and write long screeds on the subject,
and bring them to the country paper.
If the editor nodded just once, and ad-
mitted any statement about baptism
in his pages he would have to print a
three-column mass of badly written,
badly spelled, both-sides-of-the-paper
argument. And next week he would
have to print even more "argument"
from advocates of the other method of
getting baptized.

The pest would continue for half a
summer—when the writers should have
been at work in the cornfield. And the
only end ever discovered was for the
exasperated editor to throw both con-
tributors through the window, and
have their copy after them.

Permit us to suggest that plan to the
Saturday Evening Post. Unless some

such heroic measures are adopted there
will never be an end to the debate on
the theatrical syndicate.

JAPAN IS GOING FORWARD.

To an impartial observer on the other
side of the earth it would seem that
Japan's only motive in reconstructing
the Mukden railway is to open the
country to development; to permit prog-
ress to resume that march which was
interrupted when the armed forces of
the czar did so much of their own style
of marching.

China is not in a position, evidently,
to rebuild the railway, or to in any
other manner infuse life into the deso-
lated region. Japan has both the will
and the ability to work that needed re-
generation. It is simply a question of
letting Japan build the road or leaving
it undone indefinitely.

We of Utah believe that whatever is
for the interest of one section of the
state is for the good of all. In a larger
way, what is good for one nation—what
advances the estate and the learning
and the happiness and the strength of
one nation, is for the benefit of the
whole world.

There is a mighty region capable of
productivity. It is doing nothing, and
so long as conditions remain as at present
the region will remain so. For the
good of the world it were better to per-
mit Japan to build the road than to
have no road. It were better for the
world to permit Japan to improve the
Manchurian country than to have it go
unimproved.

So that, so far as the world's interest
in the far eastern question is con-
cerned, the Japanese should not be dis-
couraged.

OH, MR. SAN FRANCISCO!

Appropos of the Calhoun trial:
Drop it!

Try and compose some song about
the beauties of the Golden Gate, and
forget the criminal court.

Give the rest of the country a chance
to forget the supervisors and the swag.
Rub out the old scores and start new.

Of course, they were crooked and all
that sort of thing. So was Adam. But
we don't talk about it any more. We
drop Adam.

Also Cain.

Also William H. Tweed.
You will serve your own interests,
and please the rest of us, by making an
end of the boodle litigation.

WHAT A LITTLE BUG COSTS.

Professor Titus is quoted as authority
for the statement that the alfalfa weevil
has cost this country a matter of
\$300,000 in the present year, by its suc-
cess in destroying the hay crop. Which
is a god deal of money to pay for a
bug.

It is gratifying that the authorities
went vigorously to work to study the
pest as soon as it developed; and that
intelligent effort has gone far to make
an end of the ravages of the bug in
this country, and to prevent its travels
into other parts of Utah.

Here is a curious thing. An insect
totally unknown to scientists is discov-
ered in attack on one of the best crops
of the country. Where it comes from,
where it has been in all the ages of the
past, what are its habits, and—especial-
ly—how to make an end of it, are among
the mysteries.

The first thing to do is study. And
while the doctors are studying, the bug,
which knows every step in its career,
is multiplying and replenishing the
earth with legions of alfalfa decima-
tors. Against the native and inherent
ability of the bug are pitted all the
genius and education of the state and
the nation. Expensively educated men
are hurried to the seat of war, and they
dive into the secrets of the bug. They
ask impertinent questions as to an-
cestry and former habitat. And espe-
cially they seek for the food that will
disagree with the digestive organs of
the intruder.

Forty years ago the Colorado potato
beetle swooped down on the farms of
Indiana. At first they didn't care for
anything but the tops of Irish potatoes.
But they gradually assumed a receptive
attitude toward the invitation of every-
thing green. And there was nobody to
tell them: Thus far shalt thou destroy,
and no farther. So that the Indiana
people quit raising potatoes and got
along with beans and flapjacks for a
number of years, till the beetle beat it.

We of Utah are more fortunate.
When a bug attacks our crops, the
whole defensive science of the nation
rushes to the rescue. And the alfalfa
bug reads his death warrant in the la-
boratory formula of the doctors. This
year Salt Lake county has lost \$300,000
by the bug. Next year the bug will be
blessedly conspicuous by his absence.

ABILITY AND OBLIGATION.

You know what we think of the man
who is strong enough to work, and who
doesn't work.

Ability implies obligation. He who
can—should.

The irrigation congress wants the
general government to give \$5,000,000:
One million for irrigation; one million
for drainage in swampy country; one
million for the reclamation of arid land,
and one million for forests.

Of all the millions the government is
expending, no work paid for will be so
nearly worth the price as that devoted
to irrigation. In nothing done by gov-
ernment will the interests of all the
people of the United States be so ad-
vanced. The San Francisco Post puts
the case in this way:

Another question on which there cannot
be any serious difference of opinion is
the value to the nation of reclaiming arid
lands. This is no experiment, as a large
portion of Utah and other desert states
have demonstrated. That the desert may
be made to "blossom as the rose" is a
fact, not a theory. Nor is there any doubt
concerning the factor in this reclamation.
Every child knows that water alone is
needed and almost every citizen of the
United States understands that a suffi-
cient congressional appropriation will
bring water to the desert.

Which is true. The government has
nearly thirty million acres of land in
Utah. More than half of that land—
and fifteen million acres is a good deal
of ground—can be made to produce
foodstuffs. It can be made to raise wheat
and corn and fruit and vegetables. If

it does not, the whole nation is short
just that much of the efficiency which
it should realize. And nations will be
gauged just as are individuals. If they
have the power, they must exercise it.
If they have the opportunity, they must
use it.

Here is desert, and it is doing no
good for the nation; for the people—the
men and women of the republic. The
nation has facilities in the way of water
that only the expenditure of money is
needed to deliver to that thirsting land.
And the government has the money.
And water on the land would make the
land productive.

It is all very well, and to be com-
mended, for the government to have ar-
mies and navies. But the strength be-
hind armies and navies is the producer
of bread and meat. He can be helped
by government, and for the good of
government, he should be helped.

That seems to be the logic of the situ-
ation.

"Water power is useful only when it
is practically developed." And the
same may be said of water available for
irrigation. It looks pretty running
down to the sea. But it would look
quite as fair running down to some
thirsty sections of land.

The people of Oklahoma enjoyed a
riot of temperature last week. They
achieved a heat of 112—and proudly
kept it up for days at a time. Which
is the only thing that Oklahoma has
boasted of since the governor's indict-
ments were quashed.

You can keep your insurance money
at home, or you can ship it away to
states and cities that never gave Utah
a fair show or uttered a kind word for
Salt Lake. And the former plan is
better for our own people.

The Deseret News expresses the hope
that The Herald-Republican "may ever
merit public confidence." And we as-
sure our contemporary that it shall not
be disappointed.

In Chicago a crime wave always goes
with a heat wave. They scored 80 in
the shade last Monday—and reported
seven murders. Great is Chicago in the
hot blast.

THIS DOG HAD SPEED.

Old Ducky Saw Something Pass Him,
but Thought It Was a "Hant."

The writer, in the Winchester (Va.)
News, had obtained by purchase from a
country neighbor a dog named Taffy,
and for weeks had been feeding him beef-
steak at from 12½ to 16-2-3 cents a pound.
At the Chicago & Ohio railroad crossing
in Washington street Taffy got his first
glimpse of a fast machine at a locomotive.
He reversed position quicker than a mov-
ing picture and started south. I inquired
of an old ducky a few blocks down the
street if he had seen a dog pass.

"Boss, ef I did, I jes barely did," he
said. "Were he a dog 'bout a dog and
half a dog high that was buckling and
unbuckling himself like a jackknife so fast
that you couldn't tell whether he was
running or flying and the dust among him
he didn't raise till he was outer sight."

"Yes," I said, "that rather dovetails
with the last view I caught of him."

"Well, boss, I might a seed him, but
ain't certain. I saw something pass, but
it might er been a hant."
If the farmer saw him he was the last
evidence who saw him in the flesh. The
mathematician of our club, after a
careful calculation, determined that
unless he had changed his direction or mod-
ified his speed he had drowned himself
in the Gulf of Mexico the following morn-
ing at twenty-seven minutes past 2
o'clock.

"WHEN I WENT BACK HOME."

(Chicago Post.)
When I went back home! When I went
back home!—
The orchards tossed in greenest waves
with cape of blossom-foam,
The wind ran down to meet me from the
hills of snowy bloom
And set my heart a-leaping with the mar-
velous perfume

When I went back home! When I went
back home!—
The fields gave forth the clinging scent
of freshly upturned loam,
The little creek went singing through the
shadow and the sun
Across the shallows where of old my feet
were wont to run.

When I went back home!—O, the woods
were green,
And greener yet the meadowlands with
jewel glint and sheen;
The little path wound up the hill, the lit-
tle path came down,
To meet the lazy highway that led from
the little town.

When I went back home!—If I had the
art
I would weave the wonder-melody that
murmured in my heart,
The song that sang of brotherhood with
bending skies of blue
And hills of green and everything that as
a boy I knew.

When I went back home! When I went
back home!—
Ah, there is now the wanderlust that
sent me forth to roam,
To trudge upon the rugged roads that
lead to alien lands
When fair and clean and sweet and
young the home-place ever stands!

When I went back home! When I went
back home!—
The orchards surged as sunny seas with
billowed blossom-foam,
And deep within the soul of me I heard
the singing strain
The wind brought with the flower scent it
poured across the lane.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

(Chicago News.)
Better a stove in the house that smokes
than a peevish man.

It's easier for a rich man to know his
enemies than his friends.

If a wife refuses to divorce her dyspep-
tic husband—that is love.

When a man is in love it is awfully hard
to interest him in your troubles.

Don't leave slander lying around where
it will twist the tongue of gossip.

Trying to be nice to his wife's relatives
is awfully hard on a man's disposition.

Just because a man is no better than he
ought to be is no sign that he isn't worse.

The man who makes up his mind to do
nothing soon discovers that there's an
awful lot to do.

In summer, when other people are in-
dulging in outings, the baseball player de-
votes his time and attention to laun-
dry.

The smart man knows when to quit the
game, but the fool keeps everlastingly at
it until he advertises his failure.

WAYS OF ENGLISH HUSBANDS.

(New York Press.)

Lady Arthur Paget, at a dinner in
New York, said of the "appalling Ameri-
can divorce habit"—for that is the
shape which our divorce question takes
in her eyes:

"And deceit, petty deceit, grave de-
ceit—that is another frequent cause of
divorce."

"Too many husbands are like the one
who said, as his servant helped him on
with his overcoat:

"James, if my wife asks you where
I am, tell her I've gone to the opera."

"The man bowed."

"Yes, sir; very good, sir." And he
added imperturbably, "And where are
you really going, sir, in case any of
your friends should call or ring you
up?"

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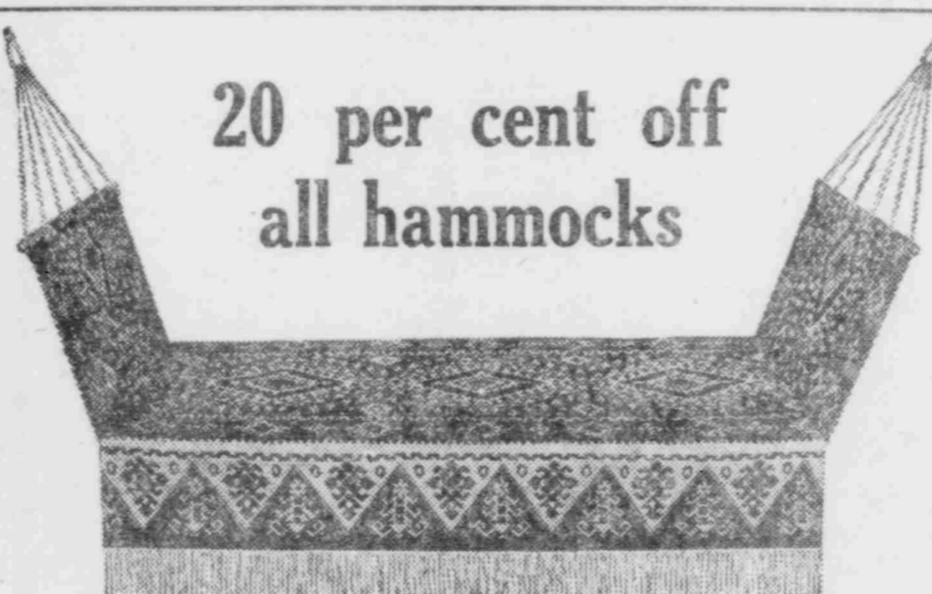
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